THE

World Bewitch'd.

A

DIALOGUE

Between Two

ASTROLOGERS

AND THE

AUTHOR.

WITH

Infallible Predictions of what will happen in this Present Year, 1699. From the *Vices* and *Villanies* Practis'd in *Court*, *City* and *Country*.

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A

TO THE READER.

AS the Stars would have it, I happen'd to be a hopefull branch of that ancient and renown'd Family of the Wiseacres of Gotam; my Father was a Moorfields-Astrologer, and my Mother a Lancashire-Witch; and I being the first-born of both, am thought by most People to be a Conjurer: I have a natural propensity to Sleep in the Day time, and Sit up at Night, to observe the Aspects and Motions of the Planets: By the frequent use of which, I have peep'd a wonderful height into the dark Mystery of Star-gazing.

When, by long Study and Experience, I had Cunningly crept into the supernatural Knack of Fortune-telling; and by the help of Heaven's Lamps could resolve all Lawful Questions, to the full satisfaction of Prentice-Boys or Servant-Wenches, I hung up the Sign of the Golden-Ball, and profess'd my self as knowing a Wizard as ever foretold the downfall of the Whore of Babylon, and the prosperity of the Protestant Religion: But thought it requisite, like the rest of my Fraternity, to have two Strings to my Bow; and being luckily furnish'd with a few Worm-eaten Receipts to make a Powder-le-pimp, to Charm away an Ague, stop a Gonorhea, prevent or further Conception, or cause Miscarriage; I also turn'd Medicine-Munger, having acquir'd the true Method of Sifting Nurses, pretending to discover the Distemper by the Patients Urine.

To the Reader.

Thus Qualifi'd as a Student in Physick *and* Astrology, *I supply'd half the Town with Bumfodder, till I had made my self so Eminent by my own Praises, and a false Catalogue of my Cures, that every minute of the Day I had some Twelve-penny Fool or other at my Knocker. Having now rais'd my self to a Considerable Reputation amongst* Strumpets, Idiots *and* Rope-dancers, *I thought it high time to manifest my wonderful Foresight of future* Chances *and* Changes, *by some infallible* Predictions *for the present Year; which if they happen not according to my Calculation, I'll be bound to acknowledge the* Art *of* Prognostication *is all* Ridiculous, *the* Professors *of it to be* Knaves, *and those who* Believe *in't to be arrant* Fools.

The World cannot be unacquainted with the great Emulation and Irreconcilable Enmity between G—. P—r *and* J—. P—dg, *about a piece of Art which no body knows, and scarce any Body believes,* viz. *Making of* Sygils *and Fore-telling of* Destinies: *It being lately my Fortune to bring them together, I cannot but Oblige the Publick with a* Vera Copia *of a Learned Dialogue that arose between them; with which I have begun the following Treatise, to the great Credit of our Wrangling* Ephemerists: *and I hope to the Diversion of the Reader.*

A

DIALOGUE

Between Two

ASTROLOGERS, &c.

Author. *I Am very glad, Gentlemen, of this opportunity to bring you Face to Face, in hopes it may be a means of reconciling that unhappy Difference kindled between you, by the Contagious Influence of some malignant Star; and am heartily sorry Men of your Reading in the Library of Heaven, should expose, thro' prejudice, the little Slips and Failings of your Lives, to the World's Ridicule.*

P—r. You are mistaken, Sir, it was not the Stars that set us together by the Ears, our Quarrel was occasion'd by the Pride, Ignorance, and Saucineſs of that Cobbling Predicter there, who understands the Sowling of a Shooe much better than the Motion of the Planets; and never could Foretell any thing by the Heavens, but what was Communicated to him upon Earth by wiser Noddles than his own, or else the Prophecies in his *Mene-Tekel* would have prov'd as false as his Calculation of the late Kings Nativity, who was to dye, according to his Judgment, many Years ago; but is still living in spight of his croud of Directions.

P--ge. Did you ever hear, such an Impudent fellow as this, to disparage a Man of my knowledge to my Face? It's true, I am a Shoomaker by Trade, but it's well for you, I have not my Toolls about me, for if had, I should either lay my Strap cross your Shoulders, fling a Last at your Head, or stick my Aul in your Arse, and mark you for a poor paltry, Whifling, Cutling, Ignoramus Fortune-teller.

Author. *For shame, Gentlemen, forbear these* Billingsgate *Aggravations; such Language, is a very scandal to the Art of Almanack-making. Bless us! should the Stars govern Mankind at no better a Rate, than you Astrologers govern your selves, what a disorder'd World should we have? If you are at variance about being your Arts Masters, this is never the way to decide the Quarrel; you should have some nice Questions in your Art, stated by a third Person, and try who can bring them to the best and most regular Solutions.*

P--r. I have given him a fair Challenge, in my last and other Almanacks, to perform a Tryal of Skill with me at these following Weapons; *Quadrant, Fore-staff,* or *Nocturnal Globe, Celestial* or *Terestial, Scale* and *Compasses,* at the erecting of any Scheme, for the discovery of lost Goods, calculation of Nativities, prediction of National Revolutions, *&c.* For I would have him to know, I am a lover of the Mathematicks, and can see as far beyond the Moon as another; but he's nothing, but a Cowardly Pretender, a false Prognosticator, a meer States Jugler, and dares as well to take the great Bear by the Tooth, as engage me at any-thing.

P--ge. You Broken *Cutler*, you Astrological *Quack*, you *Mungril* in *Religion*, you *Sigill-maker*, nay, You *Jacobite-Conjurer*, have you confidence to contend with a Man that can read the Decrees of Heaven in the Stars, foretell the fate

fate of Kingdoms, and foresee human Destinies? Who amongst you all could predict *Englands* happiness, in the wonderful Revolution, but my self? Who could give the Nation the comfortable assurance of the speedy downfall of *Popery and Slavery*, but my self? And shall I stand to be Catechis'd by a Counterfeit Wizard, a Mob Fortune-teller? No, I scorn it; I'd have You to know I'm above it.

Author. *I protest, Gentlemen, if a stranger were to hear you complement, he would scarce believe either of you had been bred at Court: If the Planets you converse with have so rough an influence upon you, that are their Interpreters; I declare rather than breed my Son amongst the Stars, I would bring him up at the Bear-Garden.*

P—r. You must needs conceive he is an Illiterate fellow, by the coursness of his Language; a scurilous Pen, and a busie Tongue, are his only Weapons of defence; Railing and Lying being the two Talents he is Master of; they are his security against all Detections, and the main Supporters of his Impudence and Ignorance against all Assaults of the Learned and Skilful Lovers of Astrology, who make a meer Bauble of him, and whip him about from one to t'other, as School-Boys do a Top.

P—dge. You *Jacobitical* Planet-peeper; you old Pur-blind Star-gazer; with what confidence do you thus affront a Man that is well known by the good Subjects of the Nation, to be a True Blue-Protestant-Prophet? Who never foretold any thing against Popery thro' the whole course of my Life, but it certainly came to pass as exactly to the time, as the Sun comes upon the Meridian at Twelve a Clock? And here's an old fool with his headful of *Circles, Ovals, Angles, Pentigons, Hexagons*, and *Octigons*, thinks with a little Mathematical Nonsence to worry me out of

my

my Reputation; but I'd have you to know, I'll make the Planets piss upon you before I've done with you yet.

Author. *Indeed Mr.* P--dg, *you are too Cholerick with your Adversary; your Talk is just like your Writings: Wherein you show more Passion than Discretion; and more Malice than Art. I am fearful your living so long in* Holland *has done you a diskindness, by changing your* English *Temper into the surly habits of a* Dutchman: *Tho' I must confess your Antagonist is something in the fault too; but not so much as you are.*

P--r. If you'll believe me, Sir, I have no prejudice against him at all; he has in his Papers us'd me Scurvily; and has spightfully pick'd a Quarrel with me without any manner of provocation, charging me with things as false as his Prognostications; and I am bound to say something in my own Defence, or every Journyman Shoomaker would laugh at me.

P--dg. Did you ever hear such an insinuating old Star-groper? Did ever I accuse you falsely in my life? Did you not turn Quaker to get a Wife with three Hundred Pounds, and forsake the Religion as soon as you'd Married her? Did you not at that time keep a Cutlers Shop in *Newgate-street* no bigger than a Butter-Firkin? Were you not as poor as a *Clapperdugeon*, till the Fortune of your Wife redeem'd you from the Stings of Necessity, and danger of the Counter? Did you not use her basely, to the shame of your self, and distraction of the Poor Woman? Did you not lock her up in your Garret a week together, and carry the Key in your Pocket? Did you not use to beat her, and whip her Immodestly with a huge Rod, to tame her of a *Fura Matricis?* Did you not at last turn her out of Doors, and take in her Room a hand-Maid, with whom you now Cohabit? If you can, without a blush, say this is fabulous, I'll be guilty of that Irreverence as to avouch the Stars are Lyars.

Author.

Author. *What say you now, Mr.* P—r? *He has open'd a long Catalogue of Crimes against you: I'll assure you if this be true, you will forfeit my good Opinion of you: And to be down right with you, I shall think you as wicked a Man as a* Meal-tub Plotter.

P—r. This is Malice in perfection, Envy without parallel, a pack of Lies without Colour, the very suggestions of the Devil; and begging your attention Sir, I will justifie my Innocence, against these Villanous Reproaches, to the face of him who was the original Projector of all these Calumnies against me. In the first place, I was no more a *Quaker*, than my Adversary a *Good Christian*, tho the latter part of my Education was amongst 'em; I never conform'd to their Faith, Discipline, or Preciseness: Tho I acknowledge I have been often at their Meetings, yet my Opinion was always as foreign from their Principles, as my Opposite's Practice is distant from the Rules of True Religion and Morality. In the next place, I never liv'd in *Newgate-street* till I was Married, but in *Newgate-Market*; and my Shop was as much bigger than a Butter-firkin, as the best Room in his House is larger than a Meal-tub. (He knows my meaning.) In the Third place, I never had Threescore Pound with my Wife, instead of three Hundred; and all my Neighbours know, to the satisfaction of my own Conscience, I us'd her with that Lenity and Love, as the best Husband could possibly show, tho' to the worst of Wives; who with an unnatural aversion sought the Ruin of her Husband, and Beggary of her Children, in as many Impious Designs and Detestable Contrivances, as my Rebellious Enemy ever engaged in to destroy King *Charles*, and Subvert the Government. And lastly, Instead of my turning her out of doors, she shamefully deserted me and her Children, as he did the Kingdom, both equally laden with insupportable guilt of wrongs, which the one had done to his King and Country, and the other to her Spouse and Family.

Author. *I am very glad to hear you have ſo handſomly diſcharg'd your ſelf of theſe ſcandalous Accuſations your Opponent has brought againſt you: And the deep concern with which you ſeem to deliver your Vindication, begets in me a more than ordinary Credulity of your Innocence. For I believe your Adverſary, like other partial Prognoſticators, does not always confine his Tongue and Pen within the ſtrict Bounds of Truth, and Rules of Juſtice.*

P—dg. How Sir! what do you miſtruſt me? Do you think I would tell a Lie for the matter? I'd have you to know I ſcorn it. What I have ſaid is truth, Sir, I can bring three or four as honeſt people to Swear it, upon Occaſion, as ever were Evidence in the *Popiſh-Plot*. I'll warrant you he'll with the ſame Impudence deny that ever he Poiſon'd his wife in a meſs of Water-gruel, or that ever he hid Linnen, and carry'd her before a Juſtice of Peace, and ſwore ſhe Rob'd him.

P—r. I believe old Nick has ſet up a Mint in your Brains for the Coyning of Lies. I wonder with what confidence you can inſinuate theſe things to the World in your *Merlinus Liberatus*, except you are deſirous of robbing the Devil of his Glory; and be reckon'd amongſt mankind the greateſt Liar in the Univerſe. To be plain, both with you and her, ſhe has often (be it to her Conſcience) defrauded me of both Goods and Money, and I have often detected her in it; but as for hiding of any thing and laying it to her charge, I look upon it to be equally ridiculous with the harſhneſs of that Father, who having burnt his Bible on the *Saturday*, beat his Son on the *Sunday*, becauſe the Boy could not find it to read a Chapter. For a Man to commit a fault with his Right-hand, and Swear it upon his Left, I cannot imagine the drift of ſuch a ſenſeleſs projection. I thank my Stars I have more gravity and diſcretion, than ever to be guilty of ſuch Whimſies. And as for putting

ting Poiſon in her Water-gruel, I always lov'd her too well to do her a Miſchief, and my ſelf too well to be hang'd for her: Tho I confeſs I have oftentimes prepar'd her a Meſs for Breakfaſt, but never put any thing worſe in it than *Bread*, *Butter*, *Sugar*, and *Salt*; and for what harm this could do her, I am anſwerable: So that all your Envious Darts are thrown in Vain, and return, like Balls pelted at a Stone Wall, to him that caſt 'em.

Author. *Indeed Mr.* P—dge, *I begin to be Jealous theſe Criminal Allegations you have publiſh'd this Year in your* Merlin, *againſt my old friend, are down right Impoſitions, and Inventions of your own, without any Authority, for what you have there and here aſſerted. I doubt you don't deal fairly with the World, for I have obſerv'd you have treated* Gadbury, Coley, *and others, after the ſame manner, as if you were aiming to make your ſelf Lord Aſcendant over all Artiſts in the Nation.*

P—dge. Hem, hah, I ſay, Sir, he's a fulſom *Jacobite*, and I beleive you are another; and I can narrowly gueſs your Deſtinies by your Phyſiognomies, without Calculating your Nativities. I do Juſtifie what I have ſaid againſt that thin-gutted *Capricorn* to be all Truth, for I was told it by three or four of Mr. *B—ker* Congregation, who I dare Swear have never told a Lie ſince the Revolution.

P—r. I wonder a Man of your Ignorance in Aſtrology, and Experience in all ſorts of Villany, ſhould dare by falſe and Studied Calumnies to aſperſe another, when the very Truth ſpoke of your ſelf, you know to be the worſt of Scandals. Were you not guilty of a Conſpiracy againſt King *Charles*, to Murder him at the *Ryehouſe*, in order to pull down the Church and Subvert the Government? Did you not Calculate the Nativity of his Brother, and both Ignorantly and Maliciouſly foretel his Death to be Speedy, who

is living to this day? Did you not Treacherously flatter your great Friend the Duke of *M---th* with the assurance of the Crown, till you and the rest of his Seducers had brought him to a sad Catastrophe? Did you not fly into *Holland* to escape what you deserv'd? And is not the Copy of the Depositions made against you, inserted in the Frontispiece of my Ephemeris, as true as the Bible?

Author. *Certainly, Gentlemen, when you have told one another your minds throughly, you'll cool by degrees into a more Friendly Temper, or you'll maintain the old Adage to some purpose,* Two of a Trade can never agree.

P--dg. I am so far from disowning my self an Abetter in that Glorious Design, That 'tis the Pride of my Age, and Pleasure of my Life, to be put in mind on't. Is it not an Honour to my Grey-hairs, to have been a Champion in a Good Cause, for the Redemption of— *Liberty*, *Property*, and *Religion*, from the hands of *Tyranny*, *Popery*, and *Slavery*, which had got the Nation by the Crown, the Church by the Pulpit, and the People by their Estates? The Mistake of my Calculation of the King and his Brothers Nativity, were willful Errours; I reported not as I found 'em by my Judgment of the *Hileg*, but as I would have found 'em, for the encouragement of the good Friends to the Nation, to have gone on in the work of the Lord with the greater Chearfulness; and shall I be upbraided for the good Service I have done my Countrey, by a *Jacobite* Turn-coat, an Enemy to the Government, a Scandal to the Protestant Church, a Lover of the French King, and a Believer of Impossibilities?

P--r. I have observ'd, for many Years, every Artist that does not comply with your Nocturnal Imperfections in *Astrology*, and mistaken Principles in *Religion*, you brand with

with the Name of *Jacobite*: But I would have you to know, as I am no *Fanatick* in my Opinion, I am no, *Papiſt* in my Conſcience: I have no *Devil* in my *Brains*, or yet a *Pope* in my *Belly*. I am for no *Tyranny*, *Popery*, or *Slavery*, nor am I for a *Common-wealth*. I am no *Knave* in the exerciſe of my Function, or a *Fool* in the buſineſs I pretend to. I am no *Bigot* to any party, or a *Rebel* to Authority; but can ſerve my *God* with Sincerity, Obey my *Prince* with Loyalty, pray for the *Church of England's* Preſervation, wiſh my Country's Wellfare, and ſhow my ſelf in all things an honeſt Man and a good Subject.

Author. *I muſt confeſs, Mr.* P—r, *I think it very highly concerns you to quit your ſelf of that unſeaſonable Title* Jacobite, *for that is likely to do you the moſt prejudice of any calumny he has endeavour'd to fix upon you; The very Name is as Odious to a True* Engliſh *Proteſtant, as a Fart to an* Iriſhman. *Beſides, they are a poor Party, and nothing to be got by 'em; and by this time can pretty well gueſs at the Fortune of their Cauſe, without the help of an* Aſtrologer.

P—dg. He knows what I ſay to be true enough; he cannot deny but he has been building of Caſtles in the Air for them this ſeven years, to keep his faint-hearted Brethren from diſponding: But now he finds the Stars look but with a Malignant Aſpect upon 'em, he would be as glad to turn his Coat, could he do it with advantage, as a Seaman is to change his Shirt when he finds he's Louſie.

P—r. How Natural it is for an ill Man to ſuſpect others to do that, of which himſelf is guilty? Should my Conſcience guide me to be what you ſuſpect me, intereſt ſhould never alter my Opinion: But could I once ſubmit to be, what you really are, Intereſt might then ſteer me as the Rudder does a Veſſel, and make me Tack with every Wind

that

that blows for my Advantage. I shall say but little more, either to detect you, or Justifie my self; but refer you, and the World, to my *Ephemeris* for this Year, where may be seen a Just and Modest Defence of my self, against all your Aspersions; an open conviction of your Ignorance in *Astrological* Judgments, with a recital of your False Prophecies, Erroneous Calculations, and other Impositions upon the too Credulous Multitude.

P—dge. I think Sir, *I* have taken Care to be pretty even with you, and have drawn your Picture so to the Life in my *Merlinus Liberatus*, that every Body that knows you, says 'tis much liker the Original, then the Effigies at the beginning of your *Almanack*. And as for my Prognostications, the World (contrary to your Reproaches) has found 'em Truths; and I will boldly say, and think it no Presumption, That all my Predictions have prov'd as Infallible as Mother *Shipton's* Prophecies.

Author. *Certainly, Gentlemen, your Lungs are like an Anchor-Smiths Bellows; and your Tongues capable of a perpetual Motion, or, me thinks, by this time, they must needs be tir'd. Give me leave to interpose something that may give you a little respit. If you will promise to be Silent, and defer the remainder of your Jangling Controversie till another Meeting, I will read you over some Predictions of my own, of strange things that I am assur'd by my Art, will happen within the Circle of the present Year; and look you here they are, if you will give me your attention.*

P—r. } Yes, Yes, Sir, with all our Hearts, and think
P—dg. } our selves much oblig'd to you.

Infallible

Infallible Predictions

For the Year 1699.

ASTrologers this Year will Err very much in their gueſſes, to the great Scandal of a pack of Propheſying *Knaves*, and grievous diſapointment of abundance of *Fools*: And he that puts his Faith in the Stars, as well as thoſe who give Credit to a Star-gazer, will thro' the whole courſe of his life be liable to be cheated.

He or She that loſes either Goods or Money by the Rapparees, and conſults a *Cunning-Man*, or *Woman*, about the recovery of 'em, flings Good Money after Bad; for I have diſcover'd by the Motion of *Mercury*, the God of Thieves, 'tis a Thouſand to one whether ever they find them.

Who ever have their Nativities Calculated, will be as much the Wiſer, as if they had kept their Money in their Pockets, but if they will be generous, and fling away a large Gratuity, they need not fear but their crafty Conjurer will aſſign them *Long-Life*, *Health*, and *Good-Fortune*.

That Innocent Young Lady who thinks her Virginity unſafe without a *Charm* or *Sigil* to ſecure her from the fraud of inſinuating Tongues, and other Amorous Temptations, and buys a Fools-bauble of a Fortune-teller for half a piece, or a Guinea, to protect her Virtue, if ſhe be ſo Silly to be Cozen'd out of her *Money*, may the next hour, if *Mars* proves Aſcendant over *Venus*, be cheated out of her *Maiden-head*, in ſpight of her Guardian Angel, if Opportunity and Importunity concur in the Misfortune.

This

This year will arise great disputes among *Prentice-boys*, *Chamber-maids*, and *Cook-wenches*, about which tell Fortunes truest, *Gipsies* or *Astrologers*. To the Saffron-colour'd Diviners the Preheminence will be given, because they dispatch their business for less Money; and tell you as much Truth by the inside of your Hands, as the other can do by the outside of the Heavens. When *Almanacks* have done Selling, both their Conditions will be equal, for the Stars being angry they are false Read by their Interpreters, are resolv'd, before *Sol* has run half his Annual Progress, to make 'em all as poor as *Gipsies*.

An abundance of Country Attorneys will flock up to *London* the latter End of this Term, to the great Consumption of *Prick'd Wines*, and *Temple-barr Puddings*; who will fill the Town for a time, with such a Crow'd of Scribletonians, they'll be scarce able to live honestly one by another. *Westminster Hall* will be as full of *Rooks*, as the *Change* at two a Clock is of *Owles*: And that unhappy Bird who falls into their clutches, will be sure to be well pluck'd before he gets out again. Many Fools go thither to look for an Honest Man, but may search, as *Diogenes* did in *Athens*, a long time before they find one fit for their Business, It is a common saying, a good *Lawyer* must be a great *Lyar*; for which reason the *Devil* and a *Pleadsr* wear both one Colour.

The Malice of Law-Adversarys will be pretty well asswag'd when the Term's over: The long Bills of *Attorneys* and *Petty Foggers* will make them agree to call themselves Fools, and their Lawyers Knaves: Promising to renounce Law for the future, as good Christians do the *Devil and all his Works*. A Married State and a Chancery Sute, the World may account equal; for most People, before the Snaky Year has clap'd her Tail in her Mouth, will heartily repent that ever they engag'd in either.

Old

Old *Buffet-Stools* will come again into Fashion, and be much in Requeſt. The true *Saxon Tennis*, will now be put in Practice, and Balls will fly about in every Street without the help of a Racket: Many Servant Wenches will have Sorer Palms by Playing, than ever they had by Working. She that puts a Ball furtheſt, will be reckon'd a good Play-fellow, and he that can ſtrike furtheſt at another ſort of Stool-ball, will be accounted by the Maids, a good Bed-fellow. Thoſe who could not purchaſe New Cloathes at *Eaſter*, will be glad to have them at *Whitſon-Tide*, and if they fail of 'em then, eſpecially Women, they'll go near to be had in their minds a Month after.

Abundance of time will be now ſpent in Bot'ling of Ale, and Baking of Cakes, and a great deal of Money, by ſuch who have more Wealth than Brains, will be be flung away upon theſe alluring Commodities. Many a Maid will go a Mile or two out of Town, and forgetting her ſelf, will loſe that which ſhe had better have brought home than have left behind her.

Loose Livers, and Loiterers, will now begin to grow Religious, and walk on a Sunday to *Pancras*'s Church, with a great deal of Devotion, though in Town, if they live next Door to the Lord's Temple, they will go a Mile out of the way to ſpend their time at an Ale-houſe; for they Love no Preaching, unleſs it be over their Liquor.

Every Gardener will now be as buſy as Father *Adam* in Paradice, to turn Horſe-dung into Radiſhes, and Ram's-Horns into Sparrow-graſs; and will be very Angry if any of his Family ſhould lay a Sir-R——ce out of his own Ground. Abundance of Dung-hills on 'tother ſide the Water will be painfully Improv'd to raiſe a Summer's

Feaſt for Taylors, but the firſt of their Product muſt be Sauce for my Lady. Abundance of Diſtemper'd Blood will be buried at the roots of Vines, therefore Drink not too much of the Juice of the Grape, leſt it brings your Body into diſorder.

Poverty and Pride next *Eaſter*, will go hand in hand, many will pinch their Bellies to adorn their Backs, and tumble upon their Backs to pleaſe their Bellies. Whoring will be much Rail'd againſt in Churches, but never more Practis'd in Chambers. Many *London*-Prentices will be forc'd to Eat *Suffolk* Cheeſe, that their Maſters Daughters may be kept at a Boarding-School. Honeſty will be reduc'd to a low Condition, and be forc'd to tug many a Knave by the Sleeve, to put him in mind of his Promiſe; and Virtue, in plain Dreſs, muſt Pin up Vice's fine Gown for a Livelyhood. Juſtice will be in every Man's Mouth, but in few Mens Hearts; we ſhall hear often of her Name, but know not where to find her, and where ſhe ought to dwell we ſhall not dare to look for her.

Many Limber-ham'd Leachers, and their Ladies of Pleaſure, will in the Spring enter into *Æſculapius*'s Powdering Tub, where with Swelled Heads, and Looſe Teeth, they will make ſlabbering Proteſtations againſt the Wicked Sin of Whoring, but ſoon as they're well purſue the ſame Vice, till at laſt with Rotten Bones, Infectious Bodies, Stinking Breaths, and Stinking Noſes, they fall Martyrs in *Venus*'s Cauſe, coveting Death to avoid Shame and Miſery.

When the Sun makes his firſt enterance into the Sign of the *Ram*, the Number of *London* Cuckolds will begin dayly to increaſe; our City-Dames will now refreſh themſelves with Walks to our Neighbouring Villages, and more

Mar-

Marmulet Madams, will be met ſtroling in the Fields, than Honeſt Women in the Streets: Ladies will begin to think of *Tunbridge*, *Epſom*, *Richmond*, *Dullidge*, &c. to fill their Bodies with thoſe Impurities, of which they pretend to cleanſe them. Any handſome, luſty young Fellow, that has been in a Starving Condition all Winter, if he will ſhow himſelf at the afore-mention'd places, need not Queſtion in a little time of getting Cloathes to his Back, and Money in his Pocket, if he can but work hard and keep Council. Citizens with ſealous Hearts, and Horned *Heads*, begin now to be Tormented with Curtain-Lectures for New Gowns, Petticoats, and Nick-knacks, and he that refuſeth to comply with his Wife's Requeſt, ſhall lead as bad a Life as a ſturdy Beggar in a Houſe of Correction.

Thoſe who have buckſome Daughters, muſt take care to provide 'em Husbands, or guide 'em with a ſtrait Rein, leſt the active motion of their Spirits, this Spring-ſeaſon, begets ſuch an Itch in their Tails, that will make 'em Dote on your Prentices, or ſuffer their Heels to be Tript up by your Serving-men, the firſt Opportunity.

Punks that are Poor, will begin to dread the approaching Summer, for a long Vacation is as terrible to them as to Lawyers of the lower Degree; an empty Town ſoon brings them to empty Purſes, and want of Money to the worſt of Infamy. So that ſhe who had the Honour to be Debauch'd by a Duke, may in a little time after, (without the kind Influence of her Stars prevent it) be Kick'd by his Foot-man, or Kiſs'd by a Porter. For many a Topping Curtezan, now at a Guinea Purchaſe, will dwindle from her Velvet Scarf into Ruſty Lute-String, and will be as a Hackney Coachman's Service, the next

Vacation, for a Caſt of his Office and a Quartern of *Brandy*.

We ſhall find a great Emulation between Pawn-brokers and Tally-men, who ſhould be thought the Honeſteſt men, though both in their Dealings, according to Cuſtom, will dayly ſtrive who ſhould run firſt to the Devil head-long. Uſurers in old time were Damn'd by all good Men for Ten in the Hundred, but we ſhall find e'er long, every honeſt Citizen will with a ſafe Conſcience take Thirty, and think him ſelf in as fair a way to Heaven, as the Parſon of the Pariſh.

Women of all Ranks and Qualities will this Year be very forgetful of their Prayers, and very mindful of their Paint and Patches, ſome to Plaiſter up the Wrinkles of Age and Debauchery, others to hide Imperfections as great men do Faults, by making greater; ſome like true *Engliſh* Painters, not knowing when the Face is well, by endeavouring to mend it, will daub on till they ſpoil the Piece: She that begins at Seven a Clock in the Morning, and can get thorowly Dreſt by Dinner time, will be look'd upon by her Sex to be a nimble Gentlewoman; and ſhe who confines her ſelf to one Gallant at a time, though ſhe Diſcards every Month, will be reckon'd, as times go, a Lady of great Honour and Conſtancy.

Pretty Women this Year will be very plenty, and that generous Gentleman, who has a mind to have a Handſome Wife with nothing, becauſe ſhe ſhould be the more Humble, and not upbraid him with her Portion, may eaſily meet with one that has not ſo much as a Smock to her back, and when he has her, I'd adviſe him to keep her ſo, for then he need not fear any body elſe ſhould take up her Linnen.

The

The Price of *Hackney* Horse-flesh will now begin to be advanc'd every Week from *Saturday* to *Monday*, by reason of the vast number of Citizens, who having put their Wives out to Grass, Ride down every *Jews* Sabbath, to give them a Breathing, for fear they should suffer themselves other ways to be mounted by fresh *Jockeys*, who have no Right to the Saddle.

Pedlars, Jugglers, Cadators, Beggers, Fidlers and Fortune-tellers, will now begin their Progress round *England*, to the great Slaughter of Pigs, and Poultrey, in defiance of Prison, Pillory, and Whipping-Post. Mountebanks are preparing their infallible Packets, and mustering together their Fools, Orators, and Rope-Dancers, in order to Cheat *Rural Ignoramus's* out of their Health and Money; Scarce a County in *England* but will be invested with a High *German* Quack-Salver, and his Vagabond Retinue, to the Plague of the Poor's Purses, and Punishment of their Cattles.

As sure as the end of Mirth is the beginning of Sadness, so will the Arle of the Spring terminate in the very Nose of the Summer: You may now be pritty well assur'd of Warm Weather, for Frost and Snow will be every whit as scarce as Thunder and Lightning at *Christmas*. Abundance of Velvet Scarfes and Cloaks will find the way to the Pawn-brokers, to help to raise Money to purchase thinner Garments. Warming-pans will be Scoured bright, and hung up behind the Kitchen-Door as an Ornament. Muffs and Sable-Tippets will be Plenty in *Long-Lane*, where you may have as great Choice in ev'ry *Broker's* Shop, as you may of Cracks in the *Eighteen-Penny* Gallery.

Farm-

Farmers, like their Corn, will begin to prick up their Ears, and liſten mightily to the Monthly Promiſes of their Weather-wiſe *Almanacks*, they'll labour with much uneaſineſs between the Paſſions of Hope and Fear, and pray as often for a dry Harveſt, as the juſt Man Sins Ninety-nine times a Day: They will now begin to be Watchful of themſelves at their Devotion, and dare not to Sleep at Church ſo near Harveſt, for fear Heaven ſhould be Angry with them: High Winds, and great Rains are as Welcome to 'em as Froſt and Snow to an *Indian*, or Hot Weather to a Brawny *Dutch-man*.

Perſons of Quality will now be going to their Countrey Houſes, and Shop-keepers will put on as Melancholly Aſpects as if their Books and their Bags had ſcarce ever a Croſs in 'em, Quoits, Cricket, Nine-Pins, and Trap-Ball, will be very much in Faſhion, and more Trades-men may be ſeen Playing in the Fields, than Working in their Shops. It will be Fine Weather both for thoſe who have Money, and ſuch who want it: He that has it to ſpare, may ſpend it with much Pleaſure, and he that hath none, may ſleep under a Hedge, without the Danger of having his Pocket Pick'd.

There will be more *French* Proteſtants in the Fields every Morning, than good *Engliſh* Chriſtians in our Churches any time of the Day, A Fricaſie of *Frogs*, and a *Dandelion* Sallad, will be *A-la-mode* of *Nettle-Fields*, where the *Hugonets*, upon Nature's Exuberances, ſhall feed themſelves much Fatter than the Pinch-gut Allowance of Lean Meat, ſhall ever make the Hungry Pentioners of S.—— Hoſpital.

Hedges will in part do now the buſineſs of Houſes, they will hide many a Rogue and Whore from Juſtice, and cover

cover many a shameful Action, and will be of these Uses in particular: They will be the Leacher's Bawdy-house, the Padder's Ambuscade; the Vagabond's Lodging; the Traveller's House of Office; the Cattle's Umbrage; and the Farmer's Security.

The Royal-Oak-Lottery *will Thrive much at* Islington, *but more at* Tunbridge; *many Gentlemen of Fortune will go out with Twenty* Guinea's *in their Pockets, and be forc'd to return home by the help of a* Boretto; *and all such Gamesters will keep their Nails so short, by Biting their Finger's ends, they will have no occasion for a Knife to Pare 'em. Abundance of Curses will be breathed out this Summer against Fortune, at all Ordinaries and Bowling-Greens, but will find themselves so little the better for't, they might as well have kept their Breath to Cool their Pottage.*

Ladies of Pleasure this Year, who are Liberal to their Gallants, will prove very Subluvary, for which reason, many a flaunting Beau will be forc'd (for want of true Labor, Vigilence, and Submission) to make his Summer Suit to last all Winter; Love's Wicket will be shut against him, the Favours he enjoy'd, and the Benefits he receiv'd, will be transferr'd from one Cock's-comb to another, that every upstart Prodigal, who presents himself as a fresh Labourer in the Drudgery of Lust, may be made a Fool of in his turn, as well as his Predecessors.

Weavers, as well as Journey-men Taylors, *will be glad to make many a Meal of* Cucumbers *this Summer, or else go to* Lamb's-Conduit, *and Drink a Health to* Duke Humphrey, *and entreat Providence upon their Knees, to take away their Stomachs; for though Meat will be Cheap, yet Money will be scarce, and he that can have an Ox ready Roasted for a Penny, if he wants both Coin and Credit, if he's too Proud to Beg, and too*

Honest

Honest to Steal, is, in the midst of Plenty, in a very likely Condition to go without a Dinner.

Notwithstanding, Poverty will be a raging Distemper, among Journey-men *Shoe-makers*, yet they will be so Proud, they'll scorn to Work on a *Monday*, but for the Honour of St. *Crispin's* Memory, will Dedicate that Day to *Shuffle-Board* and *Nine-Pins*, in order to consume the remaining Dregs of their *Saturday's* Wages, that they may return to their Work with clear Pockets, and safe Consciences, tho' no men are greater Pagans in the Worship of a full Flaggon, yet the best of Christians can never be more thoughtful on their *Last*; their Lives 'tis true are but dangerous Examples for the Righteous to follow, yet by the Doctrine of the *Hammer*, they make more good *Souls* in one Twelve-month, than the *Clergy* do in Seven.

This Year *Distillers* will turn Negromancers, and deal in abundance of Evil Spirits, which will possess the Publick (as the Devil did the *Herd*) to the Destruction of all those who are Bewitch'd by 'em, which will be a great means of advancing Hog-wam, to the Injury of *Islington Swine-herds*, and the Damage of *Bartholomew-Fair* Pork, if they are not carefully bound in Fetters of Forbearance, by the Wisdom of our great Assembly to prevent Poysoning the Subjects.

Church-wardens will be accounted Knaves by the rest of the Parish, let 'em behave themselves never so Honestly, and that poor Sinner who falls into their Clutches, for answering the End of his Creation, will Wish he had been Gelt, before his Head-strong Progenitors had trapann'd him as a Prey to such Capon-eating Canibals, who will Spunge as much upon the Sins of a Fatherly Fornicator, as Bay-

liffs

lifs, upon the Misfortune of a fearful Debtor in their Custody.

Coal-merchants and Wood-mongers, will look with an evil Eye upon the Sun, and complain the Weather is so excessive Hot, they are scarce able to endure it. Wax and Tallow-chaundlers will be as Angry with the length of Days, as if all the Fat was in the Fire; and though they are Dealers in Light, yet will heartily wish (before Summer is ended) the whole Kingdom in the Dark. Butchers, Cooks, Fish-mongers, and Poulterers, if you wait your Opportunity, will sell more for a Shilling, than they buy for Two; and when it's serv'd up hot to the Table, a Nice Feeder may satisfy his Appetite thorough his Nostrils, without the trouble of Mastication.

Vintners will be very busie in their Cellars, about mending of prick'd Wines, and recovering of *Vinegar* worth Sixpence a Quart to *Port* of Eighteen, they will commit more Sins in the justification of Bad Wines to be Good, within these Three Months, than ever they can find Leisure to Repent of in the other Nine: *Marlborough* Chalk will now be more useful in the Bar, than Pen and Ink; for Little Credit, Small Measure, and Unconscionable Reckonings, must make good the Defects of a Tradeless Vacation.

Ale-Drapers will shift off their Winter's Pride, and put on their Summer's Humility; they'll stir up no Fires to burn you from your Seats, but pluck off their Hats and bid you Welcome for the spending of Two-pence; they'll be contented to drink their own Liquor, stand at their Doors, and bid a Neighbour *Good Morrow*, and not run to the Tavern for a Morning and Ev'ning's Draught, in contempt of those Fools who by hugging the Pot, put them in a Condition to enjoy the Bottle.

The *Players* in Town must now set their Wits to work, who before liv'd by Fooling, or else they'll find little to do but to lye a-Bed, and study their parts against next *Michaelmas*: An underlin Actor ought to play the part of a *Camelion* Four Months in the Year, and when they shut up House, he ought to shut up his Appetite, and learn to Live by the Air, for if he covets more substantial Nourishment, he must put his Brains upon the Rack to Coin *Puns* and *Cunundrums* to please some Fool or other that will give it him.

Drugsters will now be very busie in Selling the Sweepings of their Shops to the *Mountebank's Miller*, who grinds them all together to a Powder, to make up an Universal Medicine, either in Pill, Potion, or Bolus; for certain there is somthing in the Compound good for ev'ry thing, but to know ev'ry Ingredient in this Collection of Gleaning, wou'd puzle both the Druggest and the Dr. who minds not what's in't, but what's on't, I therefore fear we shall have a sickly Season, and many Patients this Summer, will dye of the Physician.

An *Apothecary*, who has a Handsome Wife to keep Shop, is likely to have abundance of Customers, for many a Young Gentleman will be Sick to be doing with her; the more the Husband keeps out, the greater Trade he'll have, for all the Patient's Desires will be, that the Wife may serve him.

All Persons who are desirous to preserve their Health, let 'em be Careful how they trust a Physician with their Purses, lest they endanger their Bodies; for if once he get into your Cash, he'll soon find an occasion to give you Physick, and when you are under his Clutches, you may solace your self with a *Memento Mori*. In the next place take care you eat no *Hemlock* in your Sallad, or *Arsnick* in your Pottage, neither catch Cold, or over-heat your self, and use a Dr. as you do

a Lawyer, never but when needs muſt, and you need not Queſtion a continuance of your Health; for it's an old Maxim, drawn from Experience, that *Phyſicians Kill more than ever they can Cure.*

There will be more Religions this Summer than ever, but leſs Piety; Chriſtians will prefer their Eaſe before their Devotion, and think the Weather too hot to ſerve God in Crowds, for which Reaſons the Churches will have but thin Congregations. Paganiſm will be much practis'd among young Amorous Idolaters, who will very frequently fall down on their Knees and Worſhip Heathen Goddeſſes. There will be a great Quarrel between the Rooks *and* Jack-Daws, *about which is the Faireſt, there will be great chattering on both ſides to no purpoſe, till the Eagle undertakes to Decide the Difference.*

Quakers *will begin to drink their Bottle, ſhift off their Sanctity, and converſe without the Formal Dialect of* Thee, *and* Thou, *and in a little time will pluck off their* Hats, *Drink the* King's *Health, and be as Complaiſant as the reſt of their Neighbours.*

Many things by all Parties will be Reported without Truth, and be Believed without Reaſon; all ſides will expect oppoſite Miracles to be done, but nothing will come on't; and that Williamite *that propoſes to himſelf, a Vintage in* France, *by a Conqueſt in a new War, or* Jacobite *that hopes for an Eſtate by a Retrograde Revolution this Summer, will be very much Diſappointed.*

There will ariſe great Diſputes between the *Libertines* and *Puritans*, which are the better Chriſtians of the Two, bitter Words will be thrown on both ſides, the latter will brand the former with the Diabolical Titles of Atheiſts, Rebels, Sabbath-breakers, Prophane, Lyars, Swearers and Curſers, Adulterers, Fornicators, degenerate Sinners, and the Seed of the

Devil; in return of which, they will call the other Hypocrites Publicans, Knaves in Masquerade, Dissemblers with God and Man, State Tormentors, Punishers of true Piety, deceitful Dealers, uncharitable Neighbours, Foes to Regularity, Sanctified Cheats, proud Zealots, Enemies to the Publick, Faithless Subjects, and *Old Nick*'s Agents: The Difference will be so highly Inflam'd, there will be no hopes of Reconciliation, and will be likely to continue so, till the general Conflagration.

Abundance of People will now forsake the Town, but very few their Vices, for Cuckold-making will be as practicable in all parts of the Countey, as ever it was between the Court and the City; and the Servants of great Men will be oblig'd to drink their Masters Health in *March* Beer out of *Horns*, in respect to the Venerable state of *Cuckoldom*. Virtue will become so odious and intollerable in a Wife, that a man had better be half Hang'd than be troubled with such a Bedfellow; for whoever has more Chastity to Boast on than the rest of her Neighbours, will be so very Proud, Saucy, and Imperious, that her Spouse may with more Comfort Row a Week in a *Gally*, than spend a Day in her Company, whilst she that makes a By-use of her Tail to oblige her self, shall in all things else, thorow a sense of her own Failing, be very studious to oblige her Husband, and make him amends for the uneasy Burthen she has laid upon his Fore-head.

Before the Summer has shook Hands with his Younger Brother, Autumn, *by the heat of the Sun will be hatcht many Swarms of Maggots in the Brains of Zealots, which will at last take Wing, and quitting the Nests where they were first bred, creep into the Ears of all the Fools in the Nation, to the wonderful Satisfaction of some great men, and the Displeasure of others, but they will all dye in Winter, so that we shall not be long pester'd with this Vermin.*

Fat People will be so Lazy in the *Dog-days*, they will rather sit 3 Hours in a cool Room over a plentiful Dose of Claret, than

walk two Miles in the Sun-shine; and most Married Shopkeepers will Sweat more between the Sheets, than they wid behind their Counters; for tho' warm Exercise is forbidden this Hot Weather, yet Women, thro' an aversion to Restraint, will covet Titilation with as strong an Appetite, as a *Roman-Catholick* does Flesh-meat in *Lent*, and will hate to lose her Longing in this Season above all the parts of the Year; for when men are most troubled with Whimsies in their Heads, Women have 'em in their Tails, and whensoever the *Maggot* Bites, the Part aggrieved will call for a speedy Remedy.

A great deal of Plank and Timber will now be brought into *Smithfield* Rounds, in order to erect a Nest for Whores, Thieves, and Vagabonds, to the great Scandal of St. *Bartholomew* and his *Grid-Iron*; where all sorts of Rogues will be very Industrious in their several Occupations to get Money from the *Lottery-man* to the Pick-pocket, and all sorts of Fools be as Busy in spending on't; where many a Jilt will play the part of a Queen in a foul Smock, and many a Knave represent a Statesman. Swine's-flesh, and Whore's-flesh will be as common as *Beef* and *Mutton* at *Leaden-hall* Market, but he that wants Skill to choose, will go near to be Cheated if he meddles with either, for the one will be very incident to the *Pox*, and the other to the *Measles*. A great many Strong Beasts will be there to be Seen, and a great many worse Creatures to be Felt. This will prove a very Sickly Season, for some Hundreds will be glad to get under the Physicians Hands, before the Fair will be over.

A Pot of *Ale*, with a *Toast* and *Cheshire*, by a good Fire, and a clean Hearth, will be an excellent Break-fast for an Early Riser, by that time this Month's expir'd, and will be very good to defend his Stomach from those intollerable Enemies Hunger and Thirst, as well as the stinking Remains which Nasty *Tom* shall spill in the Streets from his Unsavoury Vessel.

Au-

Autumn will introduce with it abundance of Distempers, and the Inhabitants of the Hundreds of *Essex*, will look as White as their *Night-caps*. He that now stays a Fortnight in that Countrey, and returns without an Ague, may leap into the *Thames* at *Christ-mass*, without the danger of catching Cold; for the peculiar Providence that secur'd his Careass from that prevailing Evil, will surely protect him from all Distempers. Many other Diseases will be very Incident to the divers Constitutions of People in this Kingdom. Abundance of Women in *Bridewell*, will complain sadly of their Backs, and some others of their Bellies. Many a Saucy Rascal, who has been Corrected for his Insolency, will complain heavily of his Head and Shoulders, and for the future, hate the sight of an Oaken Cudgel, as much as a Thief does the sight of a Halter. But *Pox* and Poverty above all will be the most Epidemical, and will as commonly meet together, to the great Affliction of the Patient, as the Ague and Fever.

Virtue and Villany, are like to meet with equal Encouragement, for as many will be Starv'd thro' Honesty as are Hang'd for their Roguery, only this Difference consider'd, Poverty shall take away the Life of the former without a manifest Crime, whilst the Law shall require Evidence to prove the latter Guilty.

Lawyers will now begin to Whet their Pen-knives against *Michaelmas* Term, whose Blades, like their Hats, are grown Rusty by a long Vacation; that they may be in a Readiness to Cut the Purses of their Adverse Clients, who are at Enmity enough to Cut the Throats of one another.

This *Term* will highly promote the Welfare of Watermen and Coachmen, for Boats at *Westminster*-Bridge, and Coaches in the *Palace*-Yard, will stand much thicker than Honest Men in *Westminster*-Hall, where many a Plain Dealer will be glad to Grease a Knave in the Fist, because he would not be Ruin'd.

Amongst

Amongst the *Jerry-blackmerch*, many *Ivy of Court Squirrels* will be seen walking, who cover their Backs with their Tails, and have no other Business there than to crack a Pennyworth of Nuts, and so to the *Ladies*, where they Study High-Gammar *Cook*'s Lesson, much more than they do *Cook* upon *Littleton*, and never make it their endeavour to understand any other Copy-hold than what a Woman carries about her.

About this time, the Pomp and Vanities of the City, will be set forth with as much Splendor to entertain the Mobility, as their Laureat can well contrive, with a few Painted Boards, and Rusty Streamers; nothing will be heard the whole Day but *Besfegon*'s, Musick, Drums, Trumpets, Bells, Hoit-boys, and the Shouts of the Rabble will make up the Melodious Consort; after which, the Grave Elders, wrapp'd up in Coney-Skin, will dance thro' the Dirt in the sight of their Wives, to a Sumptuous Dinner, where Mountains of Wild-fowl, and Boggs of Custard, will be all over-flow'd, with an Inundation of Sack and Claret, to the Gluttonous Consumption of abundance of good Things, which, contrary to the Text, will be devoured by the Rich, and the Poor will be sent Empty away.

The Weather will now go near to be very Dirty, and he that has a desire to keep his Shoes clean, must neither turn Porter, or Penny-Post-man.

Good Protestants will be very careful to remember the *Fifth* of *November*, and adorn their Windows with lighted Candles, in memory of *Guido Vaux*'s Dark Lanthorn, except such who had rather promote the Interest of the *Woodmonger*, than the Good of the *Tallow-Chaundler*, and they perhaps may give a Faggot to the Burning of the *Pope*, and Scorching of the Devil.

Grocers will now begin to advance their Plumbs, and *Bellmen* will be very Studious about their *Christmas* Verses. Fanaticks

ments above, are at Variance one with another, and he's a Cunning Fellow who knows how to Reconcile the Difference.

FINIS.